**WEATHER BUREAU REPORT.**

U. S. Department of Agriculture, Weather Bureau.

The following data, covering a period of 29 years, have been compiled from the Weather Bureau and McKibbin records at Honolulu, T. H. They are issued to show the conditions that have prevailed, during the month in question, for the above period of years, but must not be construed as a forecast of the weather conditions for the coming month.

Month July for 29 years.

TEMPERATURE (1890-1905).

Mean or normal temperature, 78 deg.

The warmest month was that of 1900, with an average of 79 deg.

The coldest month was that of 1894, with an average of 76 deg.

The highest temperature was 88 deg. on July 28, 1900.

The lowest temperature was 63 deg. on July 1, 1899.

PRECIPITATION (rain, 1877-1894, and 1905).

Average for the month, 1.45 inches.

Average number of days with .01 of an inch or more, 14.

The greatest monthly precipitation was 6.03 inches in 1880.

The least monthly precipitation was 0.34 inches in 1882.

The greatest amount of precipitation recorded in any 24 consecutive hours was 3.17 inches on July 12, 1880.

RELATIVE HUMIDITY.*

Average 9 a. m., 66 per cent; average 9 p. m., 72 per cent (1893-1904).

Average 8 a. m., 68 per cent; average 8 p. m., 72 per cent (1905).

CLOUDS AND WEATHER (1890-1905.)

Average number of clear days, 13; partly cloudy days, 17; cloudy days, 1.

WIND.

The prevailing winds have been from the northeast.

The average hourly velocity of the wind during July, 1905, was 8.8 miles.

The highest velocity of the wind during July, 1905, was 27 miles from the northeast on the 6th.

Station: Honolulu, T. H.

Date of issue: June 29, 1906.

(T. F. D.)

*8 o'clock averages from records of Territorial Meteorologist; 8 o'clock averages from U. S. Weather Bureau records.

WM. B. STOCKMAN, Section Director, Weather Bureau.



# HILO, AND SOME OF THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE TOWN

BY SOL. N. SHERIDAN.

KAMUELA, Hawaii, June 23.—"They feed their pigs on papaya, and that puts pepsin into pepsin, and gee! but that is good for the insides of a man!"

That is a bit of wisdom I heard from the lips of a Puna lad of fourteen or so, and the comprehensiveness of it was surprising—most surprising indeed. For, who would look for a lad in Puna who had any knowledge of what went on in the insides of himself? Lads, in Puna and elsewhere, know little of such matters—and care less. They merely supply the inside craving. I learned, presently, that this Puna lad went to school in Hilo for nine months in the year, and during the other three went down into Puna and lived the larger life of out of doors. That is the life which gives comprehensiveness—and opens the door to manhood so that a lad may look for a long time before he enters in.

"There are calves to lasso, and pigs to hunt and steers to chase—when they don't chase you," he said, speaking of Puna in the large way. "It is bully fun. What do you do when they chase you? You go away from there, if you have any sense. If your horse can outrun a steer, there is no pilikia."

This talk was as we rode along the south shore of this big island of Hawaii from Kapoho in a general southwesterly direction toward the village of Kalapana, over a road as straight as a die, and so well built that an auto would have run along upon it as smoothly as upon any street in Honolulu—a road through a country where there is no travel, in which roads are built that citizens may find work.

We had started from Hilo in the morning. Hilo is where I left you in my last letter, but that was not an unkindness, although you may so esteem it. Indeed, there are few more delightful places in these Islands than Hilo, and few that are more maligned. It is true that leading citizens will tell you that you might shoot a Gatling gun down the chief business street at the busiest time of any day, and kill nobody more important than a hackman. Hackmen all deserve it, maybe, but never mind that. It is likewise true that if you turn upon the leading citizen twenty minutes later and say the same thing to him, he will hold rancor against you for the balance of his natural life; if he does not cut your heart out on the spot.

### A RESERVED RIGHT.

But that only shows that the Hilo man reserves to himself the human privilege of fouling his own nest, and forms basis for no real indictment against the town. I have a very great and lasting love for Hilo. It was the first place in Hawaii that I ever saw, now nine years ago, and it was still and quiet and beautiful, and so different from anything that I had ever seen theretofore that the memory of it has lingered like a beautiful dream. Hilo has changed much from what it was in that time. It has even been afflicted with a "boom," and it has a full-grown broad-gauge railway, which Honolulu has not, nevertheless the "boom" has left fewer scars than one has a right to expect—and the railroad is a well-managed property which adds a convenience to the place, without overwhelming it. It is very easy, in Hilo, to shut one's eyes while the rain makes music on the roof, and drift, town and all, back into the farthest past within one's personal perspective.

I have said that the Hilo railroad is a well managed concern. The Superintendent, D. E. Metzger, is a gentleman who knows his business—a railroad man of the young and strong generation, who impresses you as being possessed of great reserve force, the capacity to manage the thousands of miles of some great mainland system and to meet its troubles and perplexities as easily as he meets those that confront him where he is. Indeed, I predict for Mr. Metzger that, if he does not become the manager some day of a great sugar estate in these Islands, you will see his name in gilt letters on the door of a Wall street office. He will be solving the larger problems of transportation. The world does not keep men of his kind in Hilo.

The Hilo railway runs two trains a day up into the Olaa country—and three a week down into Puna. The Olaa plantation looks better, it is said, than it ever has. In fact, I found a very general faith in Hilo that Olaa, after long travail, was going to pull out. I know very little of such things, but the Olaa cane fields impressed me as being in rather better shape than when I saw them a year ago. And the new manager of the plantation rides in an automobile. Somehow, there is something about an automobile that gives the wayfarer a wondrous feeling of confidence in the financial stability of the man who drives it. An automobile, indeed, looks almost insultingly rich.

### OLAA HOMESTEADERS.

I was taken to visit the homesteads in Olaa and found the homesteaders all at home—for the day. But there was a very considerable feeling of nervousness among them for the reason that, while they were at home, they were not at home. That is a paradox, but true. Under the homestead law, a homesteader must live on his land. The whole object of the law is to get him, and keep him there. The Olaa homesteaders are clerks and what not in Hilo, and have been accustomed to stay in Hilo, going upon their homesteads at intervals, and in the meantime sub-letting their lands to Japs or contracting with Japs to farm them in cane or bananas or whatever it is the lands raise. The plan works beautifully—but it is not homesteading. Just what these settlers, who are Hawaiians for the most part, or the government is going to do about it, nobody seems to know? Having laws, it would seem that they should be complied with.

On Olaa, also, I saw the cottages built by the plantation management for the Portuguese laborers on the place. They are neat little places, built high off the ground so that the space beneath can be used for storage purposes, and numbers of them are already occupied. From the car window in passing I saw the families of the householders grouped about these places, and there were already visible the beginnings of little gardens. This domiciling of laborers is going to be a success.

The labor barracks on Waiakea plantation, which I visited later, were squalid and decidedly insanitary by comparison. Still, Waiakea is a property managed upon lines that are strictly up to date. Not a doubt of it. Mr. Kennedy, the manager, took the party, of which I was one, over the place in a special plantation train, and I saw a great sugar estate run as one should be that is run to profit. Indeed, I believe that Waiakea is one of the most profitable properties in these Islands. Manager Kennedy has been on the place 27 years, as head of the concern and a very heavy stockholder, and while the plantation had some troublesome early years, it has much more than made up for those. In effect, Manager Kennedy has grown into the sugar business at Waiakea—and he has trained up one of his sons to take up the burden after he is gone.

"If they will give him the place," he said.

It has been and will be the work of a man. Not the least doubt of that. Manager Kennedy has given his best years and his best thought to the plantation. The results show it. Here, at Waiakea, I saw something in the way of cane-loader that it is rather surprising has not met wider adoption. Maybe the managers are waiting for the machine that both cuts and loads. Manager Kennedy himself says that he is going to Louisiana shortly to look for it. In the meantime, he is doing the best he can with this machine of his own contriving.

### KENNEDY'S CANE-LOADER.

"I patent nothing," he answered, when I asked him why he had not patented this bit of mechanism.

The loader, as it stands in the field, is very simple—yet very effective. A portable engine, with a loading crane, the whole turning upon a great cog wheel, is put upon the body of a flat car and run out over the plantation railroad to where the cutters are at work. The machine stands upon a detached section of track, and the plantation cars are put alongside it, one at a time. The men cut the cane, as elsewhere, and a lot more men, driving two-horse sledges, follow the cutter. Upon each sledge a sling is laid, on the top of which the cane is piled in great bundles.

Then the sledges, skidding easily over the cut cane tops that strew the ground everywhere, are driven up to the loader, the crane lets down a long wire rope, having at its end one stationery and one movable ring, and these rings are made fast to hooks at the ends of the sling lying under each load of cane on the sledges. Then the engineer hoists away, the loose ring runs down the wire rope, holding the cane fast, the loader turns with its load until the cane swings in the air above the car, and with a deft motion a laborer on the ground below pulls a rope that releases the hook at one end of the sling. The cane falls into the car as straight and as true as though each separate stalk had been gathered and piled there.

This does not altogether solve the problem of cane-loading, but it does away with much labor. I find, indeed, that plantation managers on Hawaii, at least, are very skeptical about all cane-loaders. They say that the inequalities of the ground, and the fact that the cane is not planted in ridges here will operate against success.

On Waiakea I saw more native Hawaiians at work, about the mill and with the shipping of the sugar, than anywhere else in my travels, and there is here, likewise, a tendency to keep the Japs and Koreans in the field, where they belong. The engineers, on the plantation boats and engines are Portuguese, for the most part, and get good pay.

Waiakea, it should be stated, is situated most fortunately with respect to the handling of its sugar. The mill stands right on the shore of Waiakea river—which seems to come to the surface full born near there, and the product of the plantation is loaded directly upon barges and towed right out to the vessels in Hilo harbor by small launches belonging to the plantation company. Nothing could be simpler—and few handlings of freight cheaper. The mill stands, virtually, at deep water. The sugar is lightered to the vessels that are to carry it overseas. No intermediate carrying company makes profit of it. Wherefore the Waiakea Sugar Company, raising the finest of cane and at no expense for irrigation, is a very profitable concern. It is so profitable that none of the stock is for sale—and Manager Kennedy, a heavy stockholder, is likewise a banker and a telephone magnate and a newspaper proprietor and about everything else there is, in Hilo. He rides in his own automobile, and he finds relaxation in directing the policy of his newspaper. It is strange, what tastes wealth develops in a man. Now, if I owned a third or a fourth or even a tenth part of the stock of Waiakea plantation, a newspaper would be about the last thing I would buy with my money. It is true I would like to own an editor or two, for some personal reasons I have,—but a newspaper, not! I don't even believe I would spend a nickel for a single copy of one, unless the newsboy should happen to strike me in a generous moment.



# GOVERNOR BAKER AS A HARMONIZER

"I noticed a marked change in the attitude of the native Hawaiian people towards the whites in my recent trip over the island," said Governor John Baker on his return to Hilo a few days ago. "When I went over before there were all sorts of factions and there was little harmony. You could tell that this man was a Republican that one a Home Ruler and the other a Democrat and there was always trouble. The only thing on which they seemed to be agreed was a dislike of the whites—or perhaps I should say, of the missionaries.

"This feeling I think is passing away. I know that every time I spoke I did all in my power to bring about a better understanding.

"Natives have said to me that the missionaries came here and stole their country from them. I am as good a Hawaiian as anyone and I have pointed out that if our land was taken from us it was our own fault. Perhaps the transaction was not altogether to the credit of those who took the land, but that is another matter. As I have said again and again in talking to people of my own race, the whites or missionaries came here with bags of money.

"We borrowed money on mortgages and we made no provision to pay the money back. Who can blame the people who lent the money if they took the land when the mortgages fell due?

"Every time I have said that the natives have said: 'That is right. We should be angry with ourselves, not with the haoles.'

"I think that a time of better feeling has arrived. Here in Hawaii I feel sure that the Home Rulers will fuse with the Democrats and the two parties will work together. I am afraid that we Hawaiians are apt to follow the big talker rather than the clear thinker, but that is a little fault not confined to ourselves alone. It will correct itself some day."—Hawaii Herald.